

It is reported that the campaign for funds with which to finance the Santa Clara County Community Chest is not receiving the support which is its due. It seems to us regrettable that there should be any difficulty in securing ample funds for the proper functioning of the Chest. It is not difficult to recall the days before the organization of the Community Chest—when, in the course of a year nearly every resident in the valley was solicited by from 15 to 20 organizations seeking financial aid. Then the average citizen who supported these organizations gave approximately a dollar to each; today the same man may give from five to ten dollars to the Chest, and he is through for the year—at a saving of time and money. Last year the drive was almost a failure. What will be the story this year?

It has ever been the practice of adults to criticize the "younger generation," and no set of youngsters has been so severely censured as those of the present day. They are accused of laziness, lack of ambition, and wantonness. On the contrary, the average young person of today is a worker—and they are game to tackle anything that will let them earn money. More and more of them indicate their desire to get ahead by enrolling in the universities of this country, and some of the most progressive work of the age is being accomplished by very young men and women. As to the charge of wantonness, seemingly upheld by the present custom of "petting," be not alarmed, for the youngsters of today are no worse in that regard than were their puritan ancestors—not too far removed. If anyone doubts that statement, let them look up, in a good dictionary, the word "bundling," a quaint old custom practiced by Quakers and puritans. What price the parking of yon blue bus 'neath yon young walnut tree?

And referring back to the subject of the Community Chest, do you know that hungry Mexicans are every year becoming a more serious problem—one that has to be dealt with by the Community Chest? It's a fact, particularly in the southern part of the state. What is to be done about it? Are the people of the state going to sit calmly in their parlors and watch an insane federal government allow thousands of Mexicans to flood the state, taking work away from white men and "living on the county" in the winter time? It looks like California's representatives at Washington were overlooking a bet—perhaps they are not watching the situation as closely as it deserves. What wealth will do to secure cheap labor is apparently nobody's business. Give white men the work—they'll do it for adequate wages—and let the Mexicans return to the sagebrush of their native land. As we have remarked before, a workingman out of work makes a poor cash customer.

Every week that slips by brings us that much closer to old settlers Day, and as yet we have heard nothing further about the proposed program for that day. We rise to remark that the columns of this paper are still open for suggestions. What have you?

Dissatisfaction with the present night patrol system in Campbell was recently expressed by a member of the community, and the local Chamber of Commerce took the matter up at the last meeting of that body. As usual, there were insufficient members present to form a quorum, without which no official action may be taken. The few who were there, however, expressed satisfaction with the present system—and the dissatisfied one was conspicuous by his absence.

That's all.

NOTICE

The Friendship club of the Congregational church will meet Nov. 25 instead of Nov. 27, when the "friendly" box is to be sent into Trinity county. Anyone having contributions for the box please bring them to the church Monday evening, Nov. 25.

SEA SCOUTS MAKE GOOD SHOWING AT S. F. REGATTA

Twelve Campbell Sea scouts under the direction of their skipper, Worthin Grattan, went to San Francisco last Saturday and entered the Sea scout regatta being held at Yacht Harbor. This regatta included Sea scout units of all the high schools in San Francisco and Oakland.

The first event was the rowing boat race. The boats used were regular racing cutters with ten foot oars. Our boys got there just in time to get into the boat they were to use. They had no practice in this kind of a boat or with the kind of oar used in these boats. There were six boats in the race. Most of the crews were made up of the regular high school rowing teams, and had had much practice in these boats. At the starter's gun the boats leaped from the start while Campbell was getting ready for a five mile row. For that is what they were accustomed to. But it was not long until they knew what it was all about. As soon as they got the feel of the boat and the oars, they commenced to catch up with the five boats that were in front of them. It was not long until they had passed into third place. They were gaining rapidly on the boat that got second and were only a small distance behind when the race was over, it being three-fourths of a mile long. The two crews that beat them were the crack crews of San Francisco who go in for rowing like our boys go in for basketball. The boys feel that if the race had been long enough they would have won.

In the knot and rope work contest Henry Ruthnick got third place from among a large number of boys from all over the bay region. In the skiff-tilting contest our team, made up of Noel Voge and Elmer Sundquist got third place.

Campbell should be proud of the showing of these lads in the first regatta they have entered in San Francisco. They were up against the best boys from the large high schools and were contesting them on their own ground. Campbell made no preparation and did not know of the chance to enter until three days before they went up. The boys feel that in another regatta they will put up a strong fight for first place. Much was learned and a good time was enjoyed by the lads. The boys who made the trip were Noel Voge, Miles Standish, Elmer Sundquist, Henry Ruthnick, Herbert Pryor, Bradford Jones, Alfred Beer, Frank Gardner, Harris Gardner, Willis Nothig, William Mattusch and Earl Vaughn.

Among the recent acquisitions of the local Sea scouts is a Ford car. It is an old Ford. The boys put a two dollar body on it and it looks like a real car. All the doors stay shut and the windshield has no cracks in it. The top is still a fairweather top, but with a little canvas work on it it will shed a heavy ground swell. It has already made one trip to San Francisco with only one blow-out. Enough boys ride in it so that if all the tires blow out the car can be carried home.

WHITES TAKING A VACATION

Mr. and Mrs. Harry White and daughter, Maybelle left the latter part of last week for a rest of several months in Santa Cruz.

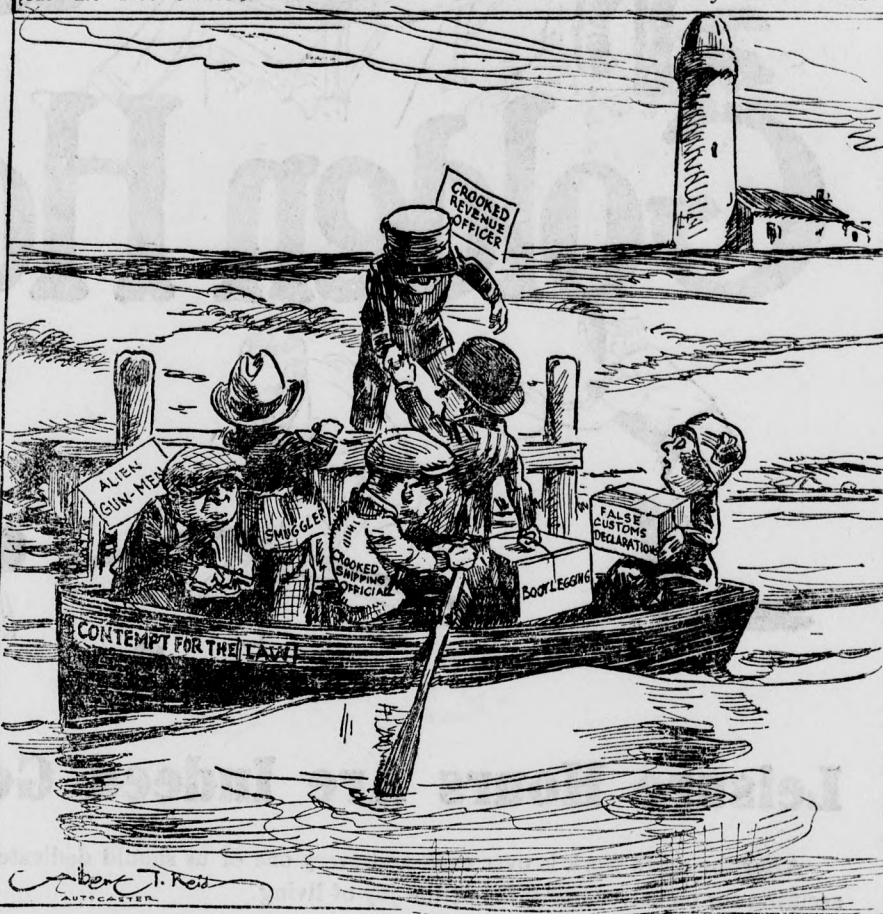
Mr. Barnett of Saratoga is running the Busy Bee restaurant during the absence of the owners, and the Press was asked by Mr. White to express his hope that his patrons would continue to patronize the old stand during his vacation.

Albert Johansson returned last week from a trip to the Orient aboard one of the Dollar line ships. He addressed the Seascouts at their last meeting and further remarks are looked forward to with pleasure by the boys.

Elwood Swane returned Monday evening from a cruise in the south Seas and the Orient.

All In The Same Boat

By Albert T. Reid



LOVIO - JOHNSON VERDICT EXPECTED TOMORROW P. M.

The Lovio-Johnson hearing started yesterday before a jury in Superior Judge P. F. Gosbey's court. Miss Anna Lovio has a \$10,810 personal injury suit against Ray Johnson and he has filed a counter-suit of \$26,223.

These suits are the outcome of an automobile accident which occurred July 28 on the Campbell-Los Gatos highway. Miss Lovio suffered a minor injury to her leg and Ray Johnson was seriously cut about the head, and his car was a total loss.

Miss Lovio is a minor and represented by her father, V. Lovio, and her attorney is S. F. Holstein. Archer Bowden and Ivor Wallace represent Johnson. A verdict is expected to be reached tomorrow noon.

EPWORTH LEAGUE EXCITEMENT

(As written by a scribe of that organization.)

You are a young person and a friend of ours, are you not? Then consider yourself one of us.

You like to have fun, do you not? Then consider yourself dated up for the evening of Nov. 24.

You have heard of Stanford university, we know. Well—Nov. 24—next Sunday, a bunch of the keenest kids from the Colleg Age Epworth league at Palo Alto are descending on the Methodist church of Campbell for an entire evening.

Between 5:30 and 6 o'clock a light supper will be served. If you aren't on time you might miss out on that important feature; so amble in at about 5:30.

A peppy league meeting will follow, and at 7:30 our guests will also conduct the evening's worship service.

You and your friends are invited.

NOTICE

Due to the fact that the committee in charge of the P. T. A. card party have other business to attend to on the date set for that function, they wish to announce the postponement of the party to a later date.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Clendening left today for Santa Monica where they will visit their son, Lloyd, over the Thanksgiving holiday. Lloyd is an attorney in the southern city and too busy to come home, so "home" goes to him this year.

Campbell Union High School Notes

The Oriole staff have already begun work on the annual commencement number of that publication. The members of the staff are Elmer Sundquist, editor; Daniel Redmond, business manager; Eugene Williams, assistant business manager; Helen Buck, senior section; Viola Blythe, art editor; Phyllis Shelley, assistant art editor; Henry Ruthnick, boys' athletics; Lorraine Ribisi, girls' athletics; Harriet Barnes, literary editor; Eugene Moore, dramatics; Lawrence Templeton, photographs and music; Francis Burleson, typist; Elywin Overshiner, jokes; Elmer Hirschback, snapshots; T. A. Cutting, staff advisor.

The oral English class gave a play entitled "The Florist Shop" last Friday afternoon. It was coached by Miss Johnson, the oral English teacher and was a very carefully prepared and well given entertainment. Those taking part in the play were Dorothy Burton as Maud, Mack Ross as Henry, Francis Barstow as Miss Wells, Eugene Williams as Mr. Jackson and Eugene Moore as Slovisky.

The senior class is busily at work to select a play which will be produced shortly after Christmas. After much planning and many meetings, a list has been prepared by the committee and will be submitted to a vote of the class at the next class meeting. Whatever play is chosen is certain to be a good one; one that everybody will want to see. So decide now to come and see the senior class play this year.

The students of the high school had the pleasure of hearing Dr. R. G. Aitken of the University of California and Lick observatory at Mt. Hamilton during the 40 minute assembly period last Tuesday morning. The title of his talk was "A Voyage Through Space." Dr. Aitken told of the nebula and star clusters which are seen through the telescope. He explained the length of time which it takes for the light from a star to reach the earth.

The talk was very interesting to all of us, but especially to the chemistry classes who have several good books on astronomy on their reading list.

The time for the play, "The Three Thanksgivings," to be given by the Girls' league Nov. 20

MAIL EARLY AND OFTEN, SAYS P. M.

Do your Christmas shopping and mailing early to insure delivery on time. All packages for foreign mailing should be started at once. Since Christmas comes in the midweek this year and no deliveries will be made on that day, it is urgent that packages reach their destinations two or three days before the last delivery. As holiday mails are congested at big terminals, get your packages beyond the congestion centers before the peak arrives. Postmaster H. C. Smith states that already considerable foreign Christmas mail has gone forward and other patrons are planning early mailings.

Miss Joyce Robson will come up from Coalinga to attend the California-Stanford football game Saturday. Sunday she will drive to Fresno to attend teachers' institute and will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. G. S. Robson, both returning Wednesday for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pardee and child of Sacramento were recent visitors with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Pardee.

S. N. Hedegard was a business visitor in Newman Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Anderson have for their guests this week Mr. and Mrs. T. Mead of Portland, Ore.

Mrs. Anna Sawyer is visiting for several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. George Fowler of Oakland.

Leland Wade is here for a brief visit with his parents and other relatives in Alameda. Leland has been located in Singapore for some time.

Harvey and Newton Wood have just recovered from a siege of flu and now Mrs. Ray Wood is confined to the house with the malady.

Howard Payne spent the past two weeks visiting friends in the San Joaquin valley.

Miss Katherine Spaulding, who is a student at Stanford, spent the week-end with her grandmother, Mrs. Ellen R. Smith.

has been changed from 11:30 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon to enable mothers of students to be present for the play.

COUNTRY WOMEN HEAR ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA TUES.

The program presented to the Country Woman's club Monday proved to be very interesting.

The committee in charge, Mrs. M. A. Ross, chairman, Mrs. Emma Dalvit and Miss Jessie Lewis, gave a very excellent interpretation of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." Mrs. Ross read a brief outline of the play as it had been necessary to omit so much of it. In the reading she took the part of Caesar and of the various maids and messengers, adapting herself readily to the several characters. Mrs. Dalvit read the lines of Mark Antony remarkably well, and Miss Lewis was very good as Cleopatra, all three expressing a great deal with a few gestures and attitudes. The only stage property used was a pretty basket, figs and leaves, in which the fatal asp was supposed to have been brought to the queen.

Just preceding the reading the phonograph record, "Love is the Sun," from Rigoletto was played, and at the conclusion, as an appropriate finale to the death scenes, Chopin's "Funeral March."

Announcement was made of county Federation meeting at Saratoga Friday, opening at 10:30 a. m., luncheon, 75 cents. Reservations to be made at once. Also tickets are on sale for the San Mateo-Santa Clara county luncheon in honor of the state Federation president, to be held at the San Jose Woman's clubhouse Dec. 4.

GRANGERS ADOPT RESOLUTION ON COOLING PLANT

The regular meeting of the Orchard City Grange was held Tuesday evening with Worthy Master S. N. Hedegard presiding. A resolution was offered by Leroy Anderson, urging Governor Young to speed up the preparations for locating a cooling plant at Mission Rock in San Francisco bay with the purpose of using a site elsewhere, inadequate to the needs of agriculture, and

Whereas, the state harbor board is apparently delaying the construction of a cold storage plant on Mission Rock in San Francisco bay with the purpose of using a site elsewhere, inadequate to the needs of agriculture, and

Whereas, All statewide farm organizations including the Grange, recently presented vigorous recommendations that the harbor board proceed immediately with Governor Young's proposal to develop on Mission Rock adequate dockage, general cargo and ship-side refrigeration facilities, and that the state acquire Mission Rock by condemnation proceedings if other means fail, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Orchard City Grange No. 333 heartily endorse the action of the State Grange and other farm organizations in their recommendations to Governor Young and the harbor board.

F. H. Getchell talked on spraying, W. R. Copland discussed "sick" cherry trees, Stanley Smith spoke on borers and other pests, Harry Barnes read a communication from the national master, Mr. Taber, which announced a joint installation of officers of subordinate Granges in the jurisdiction of the Pomona Grange, to be held at East Palo Alto the second Saturday in January. Mrs. S. N. Hedegard announced that the annual Grange fair would be held Saturday, Dec. 6.

C. H. Stocking gave a very interesting talk on the planting and care of roses.

An old country farmer who had been a teetotaler all his life died. In the course of a kindly obituary notice, the parish magazine concluded with:

"In his later years he might often have been seen on the steps of the Congregational chapel, drinking in the sun."

His relatives have been informed that there are scarcely grounds for a libel action. At least he was no secret drinker.



Golden Hours



Leisure Hours Are Indeed Golden Hours

After the day's work is over each and every one of us should dedicate the few hours that follow to securing for ourselves our share of the joy of living.

It is our duty to ourselves, our families, and our work that these hours should be happy hours so that we may return to our labors with our mind refreshed, our physical being rejuvenated and our energy restored. The pleasure of our leisure hours will be carried back to our daily tasks and we will be able to accomplish greater things in the work to do.

Amusement—recreation—play, these activities are of utmost importance to the community.

There is no formula that can be given to all for securing the greatest pleasure and happiness during these **golden hours**. The many differences in mankind forestall the possibility of finding a recipe for happiness and joy.

Each man, woman and child in this community should spend these leisure hours doing things that give them the greatest pleasure. Usually the happiest families are those who secure their pleasure together.

While a universal recommendation cannot be given for making the most of "play-time," it is very simple to ascertain where the greatest number of people find their amusements and pleasure.

One of the greatest boons to happiness and health has been the automobile. Did you ever stop to realize how much pleasure and amusement has been derived from the twenty-four million motor cars that glide along the American highways? Are you using your car to increase the joy for yourself, your family and your friends during the "golden hours?"

Another marvel of the century that has spread joy throughout the world, and has brought happiness even into the out-of-the-way places, has been the

moving pictures. Over twenty million people every day enrich their golden hours by enjoying moving pictures.

Important commercial recreation facilities—school halls, dance halls, theatres, skating rinks, bowling alleys, amusement parks, baseball parks, have each become a part of any well-ordered community.

National institutions such as the Y. W. C. A., the Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts, and the Camp Fire Girls, because of their valuable contribution to the golden hours of leisure are coming to be a part of the up-to-date community. They should be fostered and enjoyed by all.

Remember, the community must furnish most of the amusements, recreation and pleasure so that its people will get more joy out of life. Recreation through schools, playgrounds and parks is an important step toward a happier, healthier, more contented city.

There is no better index to the prosperity, intelligence, and character of our town than the manner in which we spend our leisure hours. We should all support our recreation facilities, our sports and our amusements. Not only will it improve the golden hours, but it will also attract others to come and abide with us in

CAMPBELL

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Editorial

HOW TO DELAY THE FRUIT CROP

Horace Davis of Berlin, Md., speaking at Atlantic City, stressed the fact that if a fruit grower iced the roots of his plants, he would delay his crop by several weeks.

In this way he could avoid the necessity of selling when there was a glut and the prices were low.

This idea has interesting possibilities. It presages a time when the fruit business will be out of its topsy-turvy state in which the summer fruits all come out in winter and the winter fruits all come out in the summer.

Strawberries, let us assume, make their bow in February, and pumpkins in August.

By icing the roots, these will now be restored to their proper seasons.

Some feel it might be best if the growers were to resume growing their fruits under old-time conditions, rather than resorting to hot weather forcing on the one hand and root-icing on the other. It is for the growers themselves to decide, however.

CRIMINALS IN OFFICE

Albert B. Fall, convicted of using his post as secretary of the interior to exhort a bribe of \$100,000 for leasing oil lands belonging to the people at an inadequate rate, faces a year in prison and a fine of \$100,000.

That is encouraging to everybody but the sentimentalists who let their pity for a sick old man obscure their indignation at his betrayal of his trust. It is time that a few men who have used their official positions to feather their own nests were put in jail. Nobody believes that Fall is the only public official who ever took a bribe. The general belief is that such things are common among the men who administer public affairs. This cynical attitude on the part of the public accounts for a great deal of the disrespect for law which is one of the grave conditions of America today.

Fall's conviction and sentence has already done much to dispel the notion that a man in high office can commit a crime and escape punishment. The conviction of a few more unfaithful public servants would help restore confidence in law and justice.

WHAT HAPPENED IN WALL STREET

The principal sufferers from the slump in the stock market are the business enterprises which purvey luxuries to the newly rich. One New York "beauty parlor" which charged a minimum fee of \$25 for a "treatment" has already closed its doors. The "exclusive" jewelry shops where no customer was really welcome unless he had a hundred thousand dollars to spend report a decided falling off in sales. One Fifth avenue furrier who had imported some Russian sables to make a \$50,000 wrap for the wife of a Wall street gambler has had the garment thrown back on his hands and is now advertising it for resale for a mere \$30,000.

Slackening of trade in things like those represents no real economic loss; quite the contrary. The \$50,000 which the furrier did not get for his sables is now in the hands of gentlemen who know what to do with money. It will be invested in something which will enable some great manufacturing establishment to add a dozen workers to its payroll. And that is worth more to all of us than a dozen sable wraps.

There is just as much money in the country as there was. Payrolls are as large as ever, and growing. The businesses whose shares have declined in price are earning as much as they did before. The folk who have lost money are those who tried to get something for nothing by buying stocks at more than they were worth in order to resell them to others who were even more gullible.

What has really happened is that a vast amount of money and credit has been taken out of the hands of wasters and has got into the bankaccounts of men of constructive vision. Most of this money will now go into useful channels.

He (hopefully)—I've never seen such dreamy eyes.
She (fed up)—That's because you've never stayed so late before.

Husband (testily, after going down badly at bridge)—You might have guessed I had no heart.
Wife—Quite right; but I thought you had a brain, darling.

"Talk about a woman's sympathy! I told my best girl the other night that I was broke."
"What did she say?"
"She said so was our engagement."

IMPRESSIONS

By E. C. M.

On a recent Sunday evening I attended the services of the First



Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

Howdy, Folks—Didja see where the \$18-a-week newspaper writer fell heir to \$6,000,000.

One of the things that keeps this column alive is the hope that lightning will strike here some day.

POLICE FOUND A CAR PARKED IN FRONT OF ORRIS BARBER SHOP MORE THAN 24 HOURS. AFTER INVESTIGATION ORRIS EXPLAINED THAT ONE OF HIS CUSTOMERS HAD GONE OUT OF THE SHOP FEELING LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS AND WOULDN'T RIDE HOME IN THE OLD FLIVVER.

Carl Field, local grocer, advances the idea that perhaps the reason why so many eggs are bad is because they have been laid by hens that are too young and haven't had much experience.

Maud Muffin sez, "The farmers would no doubt be pretty happy if they could let some of their bills run as long as the farm relief bill does."

LET US NOW SING THAT LITTLE DITTY ENTITLED: "THE OLD FASHIONED LADY WHO HAD PRUNES SEVERAL TIMES A WEEK HAS A DAUGHTER WHO DATES EVERY NIGHT."

"No wonder the coffee is like mud," muses Walter Smily, "it was ground yesterday."

WEATHER FORECAST FOR TOMORROW

Gas up ten cents.
Three slain in Chicago.
Ten killed in auto wrecks.
Prohibition law discussed.

Now let us discuss the tire business. It won't be long now till rainy weather demands a new set of tires for the old bus. Good years are the choice of millions—and millions can't be wrong. Good years are GOOD—and they are comparatively inexpensive.

HALIWELL & JONES
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Campbell, California

UNION DISTRICT

The many friends of Miss Marjorie Miller, daughter of Mrs. A. H. Downing of Union, were delighted to welcome her home from Honolulu. Miss Miller is a talented singer, and is at present in Los Angeles.

The Union Home and School club of Union district annually gives a party to the school children. This year Halloween-decoration were used profusely and the teachers, Miss Mabel Carroll and Mrs. Cecil Shad, presided over the game played by the children. At a late hour refreshments were served.

Baptist church in San Jose, and listened to the child evangelist, Helen Campbell, who was attended by her grandmother. She is a wonderful speaker, with a strong, resonant voice, and enunciates each word distinctly.

She has rather a large head, surrounded by brown curls, and dresses simply in white. Her smile, which is almost a laugh, is nearly constant. A very happy appearing child.

She spoke for one hour, never referring to notes, and quoted the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, holding her audience's attention every moment. Her hands, arms and body were in perpetual motion. Certainly a wonderful child of 14 years.

I think there were 2,000 people present. They have a beautiful pipe organ, about 30 singers in the choir, and an orchestra with a boy violinist in the lead. In the morning there were 419 children at Sunday school. High up on the church wall is a transparency which says, "Silence—we are now on the air."

Mrs. E. C. Main had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Edwin Howes this week.

Tony Capici of San Jose-Los Gatos highway is building a "Dixie" shack adjoining his new store where chicken dinners and short order luncheons may be obtained at any hour of the day or evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Howes of Union are the proud grandparents of a sturdy baby boy, the son of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Howes of Los Angeles.

George Simpson's old Chevrolet car has gone into the discard, and now Mr. and Mrs. Simpson of San Jose avenue are driving a sporty new coupe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips had the pleasure of a visit from their daughter, Miss Laura Phillips, and her fiancé, W. F. Short of Geyserville, over the week-end. Sunday a chicken dinner with all the trimmings was served at the family home on Lark avenue and Monday the party motored to the Ste. Claire hotel for dinner.

Mrs. Emma C. Main of San Jose avenue was the happy recipient of beautiful bunches of chrysanthemums, dalias, heliotrope and fuchsias from Mrs. Phillips, and a visit from all her immediate family this week-end, the occasion being her birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Cassel of San Francisco arrived at Mr. Schlueter's Friday evening to attend the funeral of Frank H. Johnson, who was a brother-in-law of Mr. Cassel, on Saturday.

Noah Rogers of Union, who is at Lane hospital in San Francisco, is reported not so well. Mrs. Rogers and daughter Catherine were called to his bedside yesterday.

Kenneth Todd, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Todd of Union, celebrated his birthday Saturday by giving a delightful party to his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Bryan and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bryan and daughters were recent visitors in Union. They lived in Union a number of years, but now reside in Napa.

Union Home and School club will hold their next meeting Dec. 3 at the school house. All mothers of Union are invited.

The Home and School club is planning a card party at the school house Friday evening, Dec. 6. The committee in charge is composed of Mrs. E. Todd and Mrs. Ray Howes.

Mrs. Esther Peterson is making a two-weeks' visit with friends in Watsonville.

Ray Wood, clerk at the post office, has purchased the two-acre Sherwood property on Rincon avenue and is erecting a home to which he hopes to move his family the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Gano Eddlemon, Clarence Silva, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Knappen, Mrs. Agnes Benefield, L. L. Merrill and Dr. F. R. Anderson of Campbell, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Silva and children of San Jose were among those at the Mountain View American Legion turkey shoot Sunday.

the money that slips through your fingers

Where does the money go? It is easy enough to account for the big sums... the automobile you bought... the fur coat... securities... or even the rent.

But what of the rest of it? Can you account for all of it... or does some slip through your fingers, you know not where? Is it possible that you have paid a bill twice? Have you been spending more than you realize for luxuries?

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DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

INSTALMENT FOUR

"We start from here, then; I took you away with me, frightened you; I drove you to almost certain death. But—we start from there. Is that it?"

"From where else could we start?" she countered.

"And you—you can't forgive me, Lucy?"

"Can you make me? That seems to be the question," she answered.

He rose from his chair, fatigue dropping from him like a bath-gown from a bather on the beach. That amazing virility which was himself, but which this morning had been absent, returned to him in a rush.

"I don't like equal chances," he cried. "I want the odds against me. Two to one, ten to one, a hundred to one!"

"They are, she reminded him. "And . . . and what shall we

on to the patio.

A nice-looking boy, she told herself as he advanced eagerly. Clean, well built, and enthusiastic. She liked this latter quality in him. She liked fresh eagerness in the viewpoint of life. Too much of it had gone from her; perhaps because the people she knew, played around with, were too sophisticated, too ennuied with the business of living. Perhaps she could regain some of it from Leeson.

"You didn't come back to Mrs. Clary's last night," he accused, as he bent over her hand.

"Did you expect me to?" she inquired.

"Of course, I hoped so."

"But you lost," she said.

"On a foul," he reminded her. She shrugged.

"We threshed that out last night. I like winners, as I told you."

"It isn't that—alone. But when Stevens came in and fainted in Mrs. Clary's patio—and you hadn't answered the telephone . . ."

"After parties I regain my girl's color by plenty of sleep," she said. "Aren't you being a trifle persistent, Mr. Leeson. I'm not used to cross-examination, or insinuations that I'm unable to take care of myself. What makes you think that Stevens, or anyone, could take me anywhere against my will?"

He blushed nervously.

"I didn't mean to be impertinent. But—well, I don't care whether it's good form, or being done, or anything like that. Stevens's bad, Miss Harkness. I mean . . . a rotter. And when you go off with him, and don't return—"

"The intimation is that I am also bad, a rotter, isn't it?" she returned.

"Not at all," his blush was painful. "You know . . . No, you don't know—how could you?—my opinion of you."

"It might be interesting, though," she scoffed. "And I almost believe you're frank enough to give it."

"You don't mean frank; you mean unsophisticated, Miss Harkness," he said. "Well, I suppose I am. I'm not used to—well, the sort of people, the sort of things I meet down here."

"Why not run back home, then, where everyone is nice and wholesome?"

"Now you're not being you. You know I'm not critical or condemning. I'm merely explaining. I'm a lawyer, Miss Harkness. And I ought to tell you about Stevens."

"How ethical," she murmured. "Stevens is a client of your firm, and I am not. Therefore, you will tell me about him."

"Professional ethics can't be permitted to conflict with common decency," he declared. "And he isn't a client any longer. The firm have telegraphed that, owing to many things, he is no longer a client. They've asked me to remain down here a while; ordered me to, to get in touch with him, to get explanations of certain matters, to settle up affairs with him."

"And you, out of common decency—was that it?—tell me, who have no interest in the affairs of

Mr. Stevens or your firm, that the latter is too holy to deal with the former. Stick to professional ethics, Mr. Leeson; they will get you farther than common decency. It seems to me. Professional ethics are laid down for you; you don't have to guess at them. But common decency is open to interpretation, and a cad will interpret it according to his caddishness."

"That is not merely unfair; it is dishonest," he said. His color, his embarrassment had vanished. He was not the nervous youth who had entered the patio, but a cool and collected attorney, willing and able to challenge her, to pick up where she left off.

"Why isn't it?" she demanded. "Because when a woman is involved a man must not protect another man. He must protect the woman."

"You think I need protection?" she asked coolly.

"This man Stevens is a beast; any woman would need protection from him, and almost any man who wasn't forewarned. And I— isn't anything fair in love or war?"

"Is there a war?" she asked.

"Perhaps there's love," he retorted.

"We met last night," she reminded him.

"And again now," he said.

"And about Stevens?"

"There's going to be a warrant issued for his arrest, today, unless he settles a certain matter. And he can't settle. For it's a quarter of a million cash. That he stole. That's why I come, cadishly, to warn you not to have anything to do with him."

"Did you think he'd borrow from me?" she asked idly.

"Oh, I didn't mean to say all this!" he cried. "I—I wanted to see—you. And I'd worried, as Mrs. Clary had done; and then you defended Stevens, and—well, I've told you."

"Most unethically, and not even common decency. Your ex-client—"

"To my present client," He smiled. "You didn't know? Your lawyers, Maddox and Roe, have just joined our firm. Another reason why I am staying longer than I'd intended. The firm—the new firm, Maddox, Thamer, Roe, Wilson, Crewe and Lovejoy—telegraphed me this morning."

"Oh," she said.

She hid a sigh of relief when luncheon ended. Here formality ceased; one went to the room and at hazard or roulette forgot one's hostess, one's guests. She played a while at a wheel, then was conscious of someone standing over her. She turned, to meet

Leeson's intense gaze.

"Hello!" she said.

He knew the etiquette of roulette.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said hastily.

She shrugged, bet her last few chips, lost, and rose from the table.

"No need to concentrate on the wheel when one's luck is vile. I'm through. Have you been lucky?"

"I can't afford to play," he said. "I came to luncheon, and am just looking on. Stevens," and his voice sank to a husky whisper, "is to be arrested at five."

"Why that hour instead of another?" she asked. She warily conscious that her every muscle was tense.

Leeson laughed.

"After all, Stevens has been our client. To demand a quarter of a million from him on the spot is going too far. To demand it within a few hours is slightly different. Stevens was given that amount of money for a definite

(Continued on Page 8)

FOR SALE—Western Electric washing machine, \$15. Southwest corner Sunnyoaks ave. and Winchester road.Pd 10-15

FOR RENT—No. 28 Fourth St., 3 rms, bath and garage. Also No. 58 Rincon avenue, 4 rms, bath and garage. Inquire Mrs. L. L. Miracle, Box 601, Campbell.

The regular meeting of the Ada Rebekah Sewing club was held last Friday at the home of Mrs. Harry Silver in San Jose. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Wilma Lea, Nov. 29, with Josephine LaBarbara as assistant hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Casterton and children have returned from a visit with the former's mother, Mrs. C. Casterton of Pleasanton.

Egbert Thompson, who has been chief gardener at the Gordon Ainsley bulb gardens for some time, has moved his farm activities to the Hal Tuttle ranch east of Gilroy, where he can cover more territory per day.



tell . . . People are curious."

"I came home," she said calmly, "in my bathing suit. If your crew and Modane—"

"They'll say nothing," he promised.

"And, naturally, we won't!" she laughed.

"And you'll see me, speak to me, as though nothing had happened?"

"I'll do what fate directs," she promised.

He shook his head.

"You're no saint, Lucy Harkness. If you were, I'd not love you. You're flesh and blood and wavy hair and long lashes and pink and tan skin, and—human! You can't fool me. You're going to do something . . ."

"Which ought to make life interesting, Tim," she chuckled. "Trying to outguess a woman is hard enough under ordinary circumstances, but under these . . . But perhaps your blood has cooled. In emotion we want things, promise things, do things that contemplation causes us to regret. An hour ago death was an adventure which you welcomed. Now a flirtation seems dangerous. Well, go your own way, Tim Stevens."

"I'll go yours," he cried. "The way of fate!"

She laughed.

"We'll see."

"You hate me. You'll get even, some way." He paused, too puzzled to continue.

"Of course I hate you," she returned evenly. "I think you're low, bestial. But what has that to do with fate?"

"You're daring me," he asserted.

"And you are afraid to take a dare," she accused. "But I've given you all the time I can this morning. I'm due at the Beach club."

He held out a tentative hand. She shook her head.

"Not yet awhile, Tim. Perhaps never. You know, after all, you didn't trump my ace, or move as I putted. You did—tried to do—a thing that you must have known would have caused me to kill myself. But enough of that. We start again."

After he left she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"We start again," she murmured. "But where shall I lead him?"

The curved lips straightened harshly, and the hands that rested upon the arms of the wicker chair suddenly gripped them. Then she relaxed. She was able to summon a perfectly natural smile to her lips as, in response to the noise of the iron knocker upon the gate, a Jap admitted Lee-

"Did Stevens keep you away?" he asked.

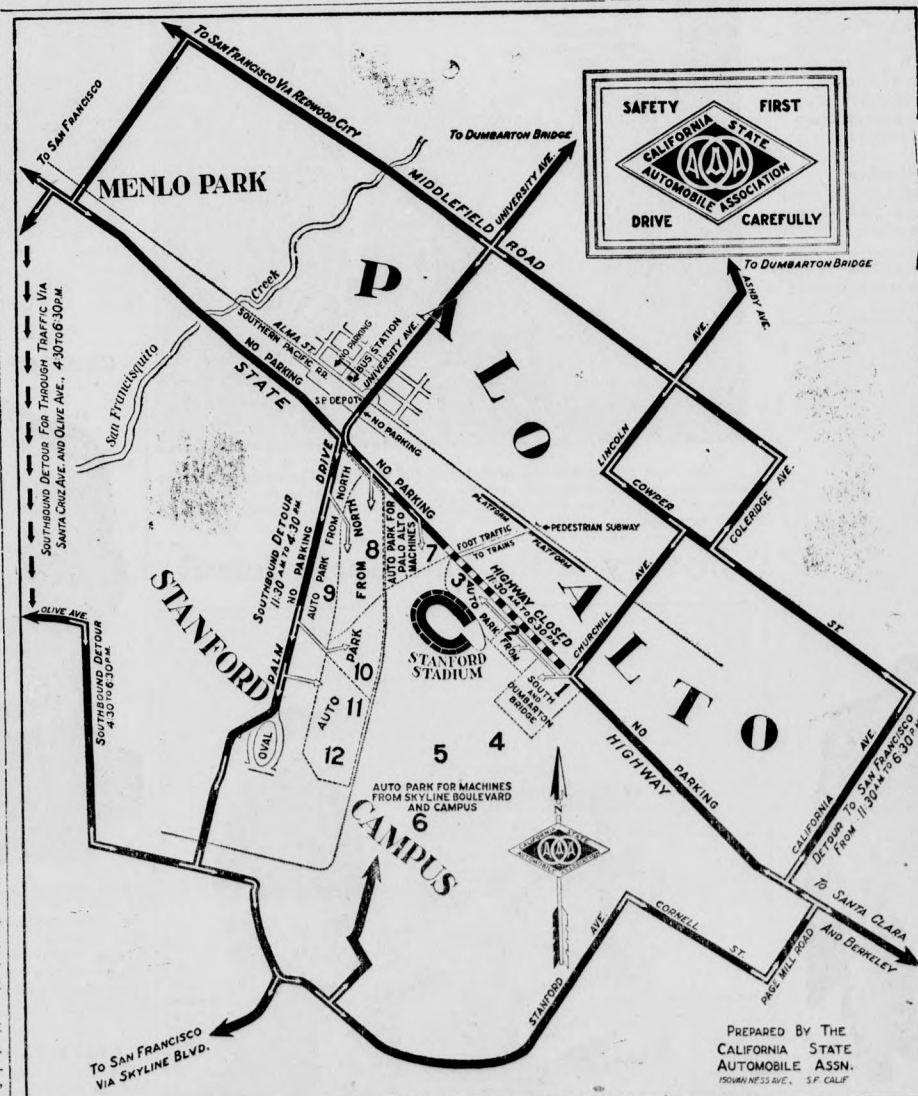
She straightened in her chair.

"That's a strange question," she told him.

He brushed his forehead nervously.

"Well, Mrs. Clary was worried, and I don't like Stevens, you know."

"Losers never care for victors," she mocked.



This official map of special Big Game traffic arrangements, prepared by the California State Automobile Association, shows in detail the routes for stadium-bound traffic, detours for through traffic and parking arrangements around the Stanford stadium which will be in effect for the Stanford-U. C. gridiron clash Saturday, Nov. 23.

A corps of traffic officers and signs erected by the automobile association will guide motorists to proper parking areas and direct travel not bound for the stadium over routes around the congested area so that traffic conflicts will be avoided. Study this map, pick your route and parking area, follow the association signs and watch for the traffic officers who will be stationed at all important points.

FIELD'S STORE

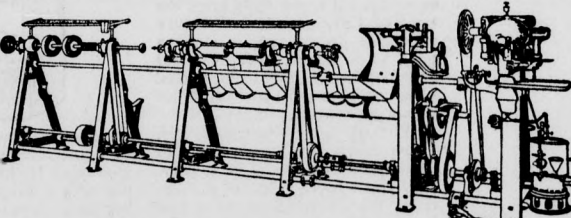
6 DAY THANKS GIVING SALE — NOV. 21 TO 27

Del Monte Catsup, pint	16c
Del Monte Pumpkin, No. 2 1-2 can	13c
Dromedary Dates, pkg.	19c
Supreme Jame, Strawberry, Black, and Raspberry	59c
Ehmann Ripe Olives, pint	25c
Supreme Peaches, No. 2 1-2 can	29c
Otzen Currants, 15 oz. pkg.	20c
Geisha Crab, No. 1-2 can	33c
Martinelli's Cider, Gallon Glass Jug	83c
Fortuna String Beans, No. 2 can	23c
Cape Cod Cranberries	15c
Dunbar Shrimps, 5 oz. can	9c
Bell's Poultry Seasoning, pkg.	12c
Little Buster Pop Corn, 10 oz. can	27c
Hip-O-Lite Marshmallow Creme, pint	55c
Star Olive Oil, pint, Anchovies, 15c tin, both for	19c
NUTS—Walnuts, 3 lbs \$1; Brazils 2 lbs 35c, Almonds	27c
lb. 37c; Pecans lb. 27c; Filberts, Sicily, per lb.	16c
Campfire Marshmallows, 16 oz. pkg.	31c
Warrenton Minced Clams, No. 1-2 can	35c
Burnett's Vanilla Extract, 2 oz. bottle	27c
Del Maiz Corn, 2 No. 2 cans	
Welch's Grape Juice, pint	

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PHONE 37 Service and Dependability.



This is the machine we use to give you a factory shoe repair job.

CAMPBELL SHOE HOSPITAL

Factory Methods Used
Repairing While You Wait
Across from Bank

Announcing NEW IMPROVED GOODYEARS At Much Lower Prices

Goodyear, world's largest tire-builder, for 1929 still farther outdistances competition in quality tires at low cost. See the new Pathfinders, with their deep-cut, tough, long-wearing, handsome new non-skid treads and other improvements. Save more by buying now—at our special introductory prices.

The New Improved GOODYEAR Pathfinder Treads

LOWEST PRICES IN 31 YEARS
Guaranteed for life against defects

HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools Campbell, Calif.

Night Life Gets You if You Don't Watch Out!

War Vet almost takes count, but pals help.

HOW would you like it if every two weeks you had to give up your good night's sleep, and work all night instead? This is what happened to W. H. Huggins of 90 Savannah Street, Rochester, New York. When he came back from the War, he took a night "shift" job.

"It certainly shot me all to pieces," said Mr. Huggins. "I was licked before I started. My pals noticed that the night shift got me, so during a 'lunch' period in the middle of one night one of them said to me, 'Hug, I bet I know what's the matter with you. This irregular life gets us all unless we watch out. Why don't you try Nujol? Most of the boys are onto this little health trick. Try it!'"

"Well, that very night on the way home I got a bottle and within a week I felt like a different person. I wouldn't know myself. You can lick any job, even a night one, if you get the poisons out of your system regularly. Nujol sure did it for me!"

That's the great thing about



This kind of man wins no matter where you put him

Nujol. It absorbs the poisons in your system (we all have them) and cleans them out regularly. It cannot hurt you no matter how long you take it, and it forms no habit.

Nujol contains no medicines or drugs. It is simply the world's most famous method of bodily lubrication.

You can get a bottle at any good drug store, in a sealed package, for less than the cost of a couple of good cigars. Begin today to prove to yourself how Nujol can help you to lick the toughest job and feel bully!

The Real Question

Father—I shall allow my daughter a hundred a year when she marries. Prospective Suitor—That's very fair sir. And what were you thinking of allowing her husband?—London Opinion.

Not Only in the Auto

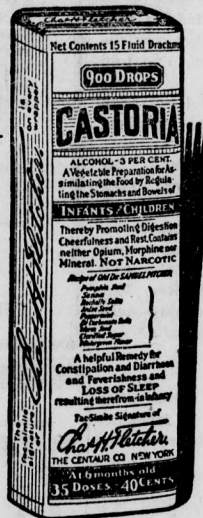
"Does your wife drive from the back seat?" "Of course," said Mr. Huggins, "and from the library chair and from the dinner place and every other kind of seat there is."

Children Cry for it

Children hate to take medicine as a rule, but every child loves the taste of Castoria. And this pure vegetable preparation is just as good as it tastes; just as bland and harmless as the recipe reads. (The wrapper tells you just what Castoria contains.)

When Baby's cry warns of colic, a few drops of Castoria has him soothed, asleep again in a jiffy. Nothing is more valuable in diarrhea. When coated tongue or bad breath tell of constipation, invoke its gentle aid to cleanse and regulate a child's bowels. In colds or children's diseases, use it to keep the system from clogging. Your doctor will tell you Castoria

deserves a place in the family medicine cabinet until your child is grown. He knows it is safe for the tiniest baby; effective for a boy in his teens. With this special children's remedy handy, you need never risk giving a boy or girl medicine meant for grown-ups. Castoria is sold in every drug store; the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature.



His Fiancee
Jack—Is there anything in this affair of yours with the heiress?
Tom—Millions, I hope.

As nice as we are in love, we for give more faults in that than in friendship.—Henry Home.

In This Weather
"I am burning with love for you!"
"Oh, don't make a fuel of your self."—Vancouver Province.

The man who steals kisses is liable eventually to find himself serving a life sentence.



Needless Pain!

The man who wouldn't drive his motorcar half a mile when it's out of order, will often drive his brain all day with a head that's throbbing.

Such punishment isn't very good for one's nerves! It's unwise, and it's unnecessary. A tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin will relieve a headache every time. So, remember this accepted antidote for pain, and spare yourself a lot of needless suffering. Read the proven directions and you'll discover many valuable uses for these tablets. For headaches; to check colds. To ease a sore throat and reduce the infection. For relieving neuralgic, neuritic, rheumatic pain.

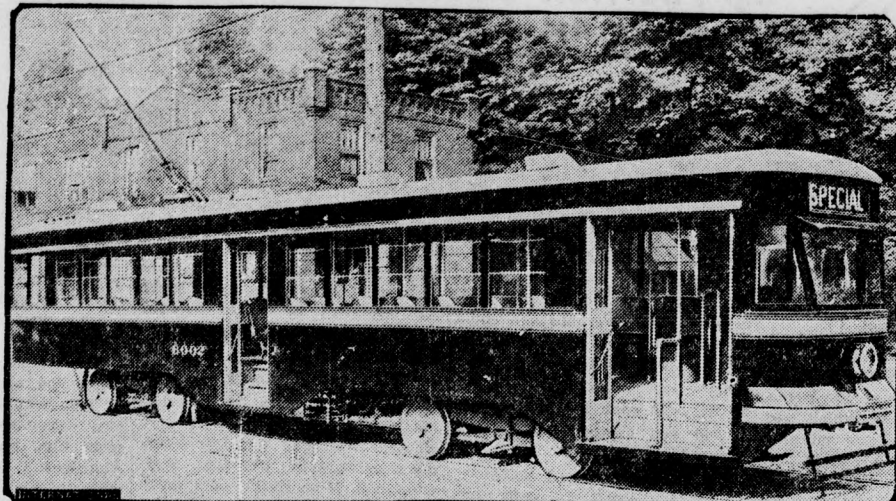
People used to wonder if Bayer Aspirin was harmful. The doctors

answered that question years ago. It is not. Some folks still wonder if it really does relieve pain. That's settled! For millions of men and women have found it does. To cure the cause of any pain you must consult your doctor; but you may always turn to Bayer Aspirin for immediate relief.

BAYER ASPIRIN

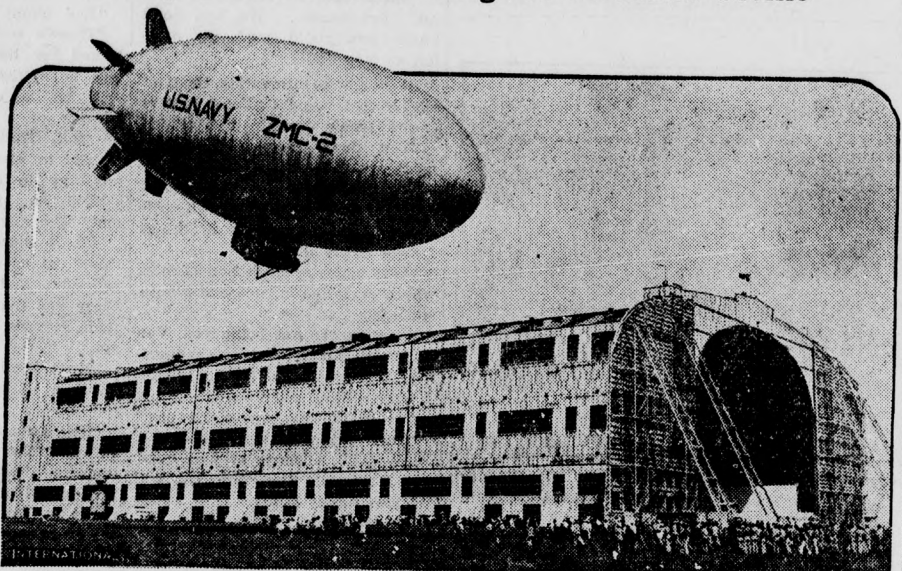
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Pittsburgh Develops All-Aluminum Street Car



Exterior view of the new all-aluminum street car built under the direction of the engineers of the Pittsburgh Railways company. This type of car is much safer in case of accident than the old fashioned wooden ones.

Navy's New Metal Dirigible Reaches Home



The new navy all-metal dirigible, ZMC-2, landing at Lakehurst, N. J., after a flight from Detroit. An inspection disclosed the fact that the dirigible had been shot at, two bullet holes being discovered.

Home of Myles Standish Is Marked



Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston officiating at the dedication of the stone which marks the site of the home of Capt. Myles Standish, leader of the Pilgrim soldiers, in South Duxbury, Mass.

Mystery of the Blue Goose Solved



Out of the frozen North comes word that J. Dewey Soper, special investigator of the northwest territories branch of the Department of the Interior, has found the nest of the enigma of ornithologists—the blue goose. For years the blue goose has baffled hunters. Nobody ever saw a blue goose's nest, or a blue goose egg, or a blue goose fledgling. The blue goose appeared every summer, but nobody knew whence it came, or where it went in the autumn. Soper found its habitat away off up in Baffin land, and brought back with him to Ottawa blue goose eggs, nest, goslings and mature birds. Soper is shown above.

BEST TOWN CRIER



Here's W. Baker of Torrington, Devon, winner of the town crier championship of England and Wales, in a field of seventeen competitors.

CHIEF OF ENGINEERS



Maj. Gen. Lytle Brown, appointed chief of staff of engineers of the United States army by President Hoover. General Brown, native of Nashville, Tenn., will be in charge of the federal government's great flood relief program in the Mississippi valley.

Going to Church Hard Work

The matter of attending to the Sunday morning devotions is a matter of some considerable labor to the good people of the French town of Le Puy nearly 100 miles south of Lyons, where the church of St. Michael d'Aiguille is perched upon the top of a rock to be reached only by means of a crooked stairway of 275 steps. The main part of this church was built about the year 1000, but part of it is much older than that.

Gets A'long Without It

The cynic says there is no such thing as love, and, of course, the mole thinks there is no such thing as light.—Akron Beacon-Journal.

FAMILY DOCTOR LEARNED THIS ABOUT CONSTIPATION



Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All drugstores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.



Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub once an hour for five hours... what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes. All drugstores.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



What is good is effective.

NERVOUSNESS

Helpfully treated with This Famous Aid

If your nerves are lumpy and every little thing or irregularity annoys you, YOU NEED KOENIG'S NERVINE. This world-famous, tried and tested medicinal aid has successfully proved its great beneficial worth in the treatment of Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion and Nervous Irritability. Agencies All Over the World.

AT ALL DRUG STORES
Generous FREE Sample Bottle Sent on Request
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KOENIG'S NERVINE



Weak After Operation

"About five months ago, following an operation for appendicitis I did not gain strength enough to be up and about. My mother and sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken five bottles and it has helped me to get strong so I can do my own housework now. I have recommended it to several friends who have been weak and run-down."—Mrs. Oscar Ottum, Box 474, Thief River Falls, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

WNU Service

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

There was a puzzled look in his frank face, and for my part I was strangely ill at ease. With all my joy at his coming, there was a sense of anxiety, even of fear, I had not wanted him to come just then, to see me there. I was not ready for him. I had planned otherwise.

His gaze roved around the room. Suddenly it fell on a piece of embroidery. He started slightly and I saw his eyes narrow, his mouth set. He looked at me again, in an odd, bewildered way. He went on speaking, but there was a queer constraint in his manner.

"I'm going to stay here for a month and then I want you to come back with me. Come back home and get some of the old color into your cheeks. The country doesn't agree with you, but we'll have you all right pretty soon. Oh, we'll have the good old times over again! You'll see, we'll soon put you right."

"It's good of you, Garry, to think so much of me; but I'm afraid, I'm afraid I can't come just yet. I've got so much to do. I've got thirty men working for me. I've just got to stay."

He sighed. "Well, if you stay, I'll stay, too. I don't like the way you're looking. You're working too hard. Perhaps I can help you."

"All right; I'm afraid you'll find it rather awful, though. But for a time it will interest you."

"I think it will." And again his eyes stared fixedly at that piece of embroidery on its little hoop.

Between the curtains that hung over the bedroom door I could see Berna standing motionless. I wondered if he could see her, too. His eyes followed mine. They rested on the curtains and the strong, stern look came into his face. Yet again he banished it with a sunny smile.

"Mother's one regret was that you was not with her when she died. Do you know, old man, I think she was always fonder of you than of me? She missed you dreadfully, and before she died she made me promise I'd always stand by you, and look after you if anything happened."

"Now you must come home. Back there on the countryside we can find you a sweet girl to marry. You will love her, have children and forget all this. Come."

I rose. I could no longer put it off. "Excuse me one moment," I said. I parted the curtains and entered the bedroom.

She was standing there, white to the lips and trembling. She looked at me pitifully.

"I'm afraid," she faltered. "Be brave, little girl," I whispered, leading her forward. Then I threw aside the curtains.

"Garry," I said, "this is—this is Berna."

There they stood, face to face at last. Long ago I had visioned this meeting, planned for, yet dreaded it, and now with utter suddenness it had come.

The girl had recovered her calm, and I must say she bore herself well. As she gazed at my brother there was a proud, high look in her eyes.

And Garry—his smile had vanished. His face was cold and stern. No doubt he saw in her a creature who was preying on me, and an influence for evil, an overwhelming indictment against me of sin and guilt. All this I read in his eyes; then Berna advanced to him with outstretched hand.

"How do you do? I've heard so much about you, I feel as if I'd known you long ago."

She was so winning. I could see he was quite taken aback. He took the little white hand and looked down from his splendid height to the sweet eyes that gazed into his. He bowed with icy politeness.

"I feel flattered. I assure you, that my brother should have mentioned me to you."

"Here he shot a dark look at me."

"Sit down again, Garry," I said. "Berna and I want to talk to you."

He complied, but with an ill grace. We all three sat down, and a grave constraint was upon us. Berna broke the silence.

"You will stay with us for a time, won't you?"

"Well, that all depends—I haven't quite decided yet. I want to take Athol here home with me."

"Home—" There was a pathetic catch in her voice. Her eyes went round the little room that meant "home" to her.

"Yes, that will be nice," she faltered. Then, with a brave effort, she broke into a lively conversation about the North. As she talked an inspiration seemed to come to her. A light beamed in her eyes. Her face, fine as a cameo, became eager, rapt. As I watched her I thought what a perfect little lady she was; and I felt proud of her.

He was listening carefully, with evident interest. Gradually his look of stern antagonism had given way to one of attention. Yet I could see he was studying her. His intent gaze never moved from her face.

After a little he rose to go. "I'll return to the hotel with you," I said.

We did not speak on the way to his room. When we reached it he switched on the light and turned to me.

"Brother, who is this girl?"

"She's—she's my housekeeper. That's all I can say at present, Garry."

"Married?"

"No."

"Good God!"

"Sit down, Garry; light a cigar. We may as well talk this over quietly."

He stared at me. His mouth hardened; his brow contracted.

"Now," I went on; "I want to say this. You remember, Garry, mother used to tell us of our sister who died when she was a baby."

"I remember," he said, "have it your own way. I think she's ruining you. She must be bad, or she wouldn't live with you like that. But have it your own way, boy; I'll wait and see."

In the days that followed I did much to bring about a friendship between Garry and Berna. At first I had difficulty in dragging him to the house, but in a little while he came quite willingly. His sunny charm returned, and with it his brilliant smile, his warm, endearing frankness.

I must say I tried very hard to reconcile Berna and Garry. I threw them together on every opportunity, for I wanted him to understand and to love her. I felt he had but to know her to appreciate her at her true value, and although he spoke no word to me, I was soon conscious of a vast change in him. Short of brotherly regard, he was everything that could be desired to her—cordial, friendly, charming. Once I asked Berna what she thought of him.

"I think he's splendid," she said quietly. "He's the handsomest man I've ever seen, and he's as nice as he's good looking. In many ways you remind me of him, and yet there's a difference."

"I remind you of him—no, girl. He's as much above me as I am above—say a swash. He has all the virtues; I, all the faults. He is the self I should have been if the worst had been the best."

"Hush! you are my sweetheart," she assured me with a caress, "and the dearest in the world."

"By the way, Berna," I said, "you remember something we talked about before he came? Don't you think that now?"

"Now—?"

"Yes."

"All right." She flashed a glad, tender look at me and left the room. That night she was strangely elated.

I was head over heels in work. In a mail just arrived I had a letter from the Prodigal, and a certain paragraph in it set me pondering. Here it was:

"You must look out for Locasto. He was in New York a week ago. He's down and out. Blood-poisoning set in in his foot after he got Outside, and eventually he had to have it taken off. He's got a false mit for the one Mac sawed off. But you should see him. He's all shot to pieces with the 'hook.' It's a fright the pace he's gone. Seems to have a terrible pick at you. Seems you have copped out his best girl, the only one he's ever cared a red cent for. Said he would get even with you if he swung for it. I think he's dangerous, even a madman. He is leaving for the North now, so be on your guard."

Locasto coming! I had almost forgotten his existence. Well, I no longer cared for him. I could afford to despise him. Surely he would never dare to molest us. If he did—he was a broken, discredited blackguard. I could crush him.

Coming here! He must even now be on the way. He was coming back to the scene of his ruined fortunes, and God knows what wild schemes of vengeance his heart was full. Decidedly I must beware.

As I sat there dreaming, a ring came to the phone. It was the foreman at Gold Hill.

"The hoisting machine has broken down," he told me. "Can you come out and see what is required?"

"I knew I could never make you understand."

"You might have tried. I'm not so dense in the understanding. No, you would not tell me, and I've had letters, warning letters. It was left to other people to tell me how you drank and gambled and squandered your money; how you were like to a madman. They told me you had settled down to live with one

oner and liberated butterflies often met just outside the courtroom, each homeward bound, the butterflies to sunshine and flowers, and the prisoner to freedom.

When questioned how the capture and liberation of the butterflies satisfied justice, the magistrate—a fat, jolly man, who swatted flies with his pigtail, and who invariably slept when a prisoner's innocence was pleaded, as if convinced that nobody was ever innocent—said:

"The beauties of nature should be an antidote to crime. He who obtains his liberty through the intercession of the beautiful butterfly, crime, and then commits another crime, must be incorrigible. I never have mercy on a second offender."

The foreigner who was convinced that China was becoming westernized left the courtroom, wondering how the butterfly code could be reconciled with western jurisprudence.—From "Chinese Fantasies," by Thomas Steep.

Chinese Justice Swayed by Sentiment

of the creatures, a woman who had made her living in the dance halls, and every one knows no woman ever did that and remained straight. I would not believe it, but now I've come to see for my self, and it's all true. It's all true. Boy, I must save you. I must for the honor of the old name that's never been tarnished. I must make you come home with me."

"No, no," I said, "I'll never leave her."

"It will be all right. We can pay her. It can be arranged. Think of the honor of the old name, lad."

"I shook him off. 'Pay!'—I laughed ironically. 'Pay' in connection with the name of Berna—again I laughed.

"She's good," I said once again. "Wait a little till you know her. Don't judge her yet. Wait a little."

He saw it was no use to waste further words on me. He sighed.

"Well, well," he said, "have it your own way. I think she's ruining you. She must be bad, or she wouldn't live with you like that. But have it your own way, boy; I'll wait and see."

In the days that followed I did much to bring about a friendship between Garry and Berna. At first I had difficulty in dragging him to the house, but in a little while he came quite willingly. His sunny charm returned, and with it his brilliant smile, his warm, endearing frankness.

I must say I tried very hard to reconcile Berna and Garry. I threw them together on every opportunity, for I wanted him to understand and to love her. I felt he had but to know her to appreciate her at her true value, and although he spoke no word to me, I was soon conscious of a vast change in him. Short of brotherly regard, he was everything that could be desired to her—cordial, friendly, charming. Once I asked Berna what she thought of him.

"I think he's splendid," she said quietly. "He's the handsomest man I've ever seen, and he's as nice as he's good looking. In many ways you remind me of him, and yet there's a difference."

"I remind you of him—no, girl. He's as much above me as I am above—say a swash. He has all the virtues; I, all the faults. He is the self I should have been if the worst had been the best."

"Hush! you are my sweetheart," she assured me with a caress, "and the dearest in the world."

"By the way, Berna," I said, "you remember something we talked about before he came? Don't you think that now?"

"Now—?"

"Yes."

"All right." She flashed a glad, tender look at me and left the room. That night she was strangely elated.

I was head over heels in work. In a mail just arrived I had a letter from the Prodigal, and a certain paragraph in it set me pondering. Here it was:

"You must look out for Locasto. He was in New York a week ago. He's down and out. Blood-poisoning set in in his foot after he got Outside, and eventually he had to have it taken off. He's got a false mit for the one Mac sawed off. But you should see him. He's all shot to pieces with the 'hook.' It's a fright the pace he's gone. Seems to have a terrible pick at you. Seems you have copped out his best girl, the only one he's ever cared a red cent for. Said he would get even with you if he swung for it. I think he's dangerous, even a madman. He is leaving for the North now, so be on your guard."

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"All right," I replied. "I'll leave at once."

"Berna," I said, "I'll have to go out to the Forks tonight. I'll be back early tomorrow. Get me a bite to eat, dear, while I go round and order the horse."

On my way I met Garry and told him I would be gone over night. "Won't you come?" I asked.

"No, thanks, old man. I don't feel like a night drive."

"All right. Good-by."

So I hurried off, and soon after, with a jingle of bells, I drove up to my door. Berna had made supper. She seemed excited. Her eyes were starry bright, her cheeks burned.

"Aren't you well, sweetheart?" I asked. "You look feverish."

"Yes, dear, I'm well. But I don't want you to go tonight. Something tells me you shouldn't. Please don't go, dear. Please, for my sake. I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Won't some one else do?"

"Nonsense, girl. You mustn't be so foolish. It's only for a few hours."

She clung to me tightly, so that I wondered what had got into the girl. Then I gently kissed her, disengaged her hands, and bade her good-night.

As I was rattling off through the darkness, a boy handed me a note. I put it in my pocket, thinking I would read it when I reached Ogilvie bridge. Then I whipped up the horse.

As I sped along with a jingle of bells, my spirits rose. Things were looking splendid. The mine was turning out far better than we had expected. Surely we could sell out soon, and I would have all the money I wanted. My life-struggle was nearly over.

Then again, I had reconciled Garry to Berna. When I told him of a certain secret I was hugging to my breast he would capitulate entirely. How happy we would all be! I would buy a small estate near home, and we would settle down. But first we would spend a few years in travel. We would see the whole world. What good times we would have. Berna and I! Bless her! It had all worked out beautifully.

Why was she so frightened, so loath to let me go? I wondered vaguely and flicked up the horse so that it plunged sharply forward.

Butter! In my elation I had forgotten to get off at the inn and read my note. Never mind, I would keep it till I reached the Forks.

As I spun along, I thought of how changed it all was from the Gomanza I first knew. How I remembered tramping along that hillside slope, packing a sack of flour over a muddy trail, a poor miner in muddy overalls! Now I was driving a smart horse on a fine road. I was an operator of a first-class mine. I was a man of business, of experience. Higher and higher my spirits rose.

How fast the horse flew! I would be at the Forks in no time. I flashed past cabin windows. I saw the solitary oil-lamp and the miner reading his book or filling his pipe. Never was there a finer, more intelligent man; but his day was passing. The whole country was falling into the hands of companies. Soon, thought I, one or two big combines would control the whole wealth of that land. Already they had their eyes on it. The gold-ships would float and roar where the old-time miner toiled with pick and pan. Change! Change!

I almost fancied I could see the monster dredges plowing up the valley, where now men panned at the windlass. I could see vast heaps of tailings filling the creek-bed; I could hear the crash of the steel grizzlies; I could see the buckets scooping up the pay-dirt. I felt strangely prophetic. My imagination ran riot in all kinds of wonders, grand power plants, quartz discoveries. Change! Change!

Yes, the stamp-mill would add its thunder to the other voices; the country would be netted with wires, and clamorous for far and wide. Man had sought out this land where Silence had reigned so long. He had awakened the echoes with the shot of his rifle and the ring of his ax. Silence had raised a startled Then, with crack of pick and boom of blast, man had hurried her back. Further and further had he driven her. With his advancing horde, man in their lust for the loot of the valley, he had banished her. His engines had frightened her with their canorous roar. His crashing giants had driven her cowering to the inviolate fastnesses of her hills. There she broods and waits.

But Silence will return. To her was given the land that she might rule and have dominion over it forever. And in a few years the clamor will cease, the din will die away. In a few years the treasures will be exhausted, and the looters will depart. The engines will lie in rust and ruin; the wind will sweep through the empty homes, the tailing-piles lie pallid in the moon. Then the last man will strike the last blow, and Silence will come again into her own.

Yea, Silence will come home once more. Again will she rule despot over peak and plain. She is only waiting, brooding in the im-pregnable desolation of her hills. To her has been given empery of the land, and hand in hand with Darkness will she return.

As I drew up at the hotel, the clerk came out to meet me.

"Gent wants to speak to you at the phone, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID . . . ELECTRO-DYNAMIC

Battery or House-Current



"SERVICE . . . WHAT FOR? look again . . . It's an Atwater Kent"

ASK any Atwater Kent owner if he ever does anything more than tune in, sit back . . . listen.

Service? He's bought the kind of radio that almost never needs it, the kind that you will find in most farm homes today.

It's as mechanically perfect as a well-made watch. Please look inside and see. Every part is precise—accurate to a hair's breadth. That's why you can expect uninterrupted performance month after month, year after year.

This holds true for the millions of Atwater Kent Radios sold in

past years. It holds true for the greatest radio Atwater Kent has ever built—the new Screen-Grid Set—Electro-Dynamic, of course. You can have this new set operated either by batteries or from house-current, in a compact table model or a wide variety of fine cabinets. Either type assures you a radio that lets you listen every time you turn the switch.

ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-West Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4764 Wissachickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

IN CABINETS—The best American cabinet makers—known for sound design and sincere workmanship—are cooperating to meet the demand for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio in fine cabinets like these.



Also in COMPACT TABLE MODEL—For batteries, \$77. For house-current operation, from \$88 to \$100. Electro-Dynamic table model speaker, \$54.

Old Lady's Bright Idea as to Mending Methods

The brilliant Dean Howard Chandler Robbins, who has resigned his office in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, said the other day at a luncheon in New York:

"When a marriage falls it often happens that both contracting parties are to blame."

"A young wife consulted an old lady about her husband. He was drinking, she said, and gambling, and flirting, and what not."

"The old lady listened rather quizzically, for she knew that the young wife herself had rather a name for daring frock- and cock-tail parties and general all-round neglect of the home."

"Oh, dear! So the lamentation went on. 'Oh, dear, if I could only mend Jim's ways!'"

"To mend his ways," said the quizzical old lady, "the best beginning would be to mend his socks."—Detroit Free Press.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

Claimed She Had Proof

Senator McNary said in the course of an argument at a Washington luncheon:

"He claims that he understands the farm problem, but the proofs he advances remind me of the movie star."

"She was jilting a hook and eye man, and he said to her bitterly: 'You don't know what love is.'"

"I do so. I know all about it," said the movie star. "Wasn't I dead stuck on my fifth husband?"—Detroit Free Press.

For a Change

"Why don't the men want their wives in lodge?"

"Oh, a man likes to feel important once in a while."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Efficiency for Pie Makers

Efficiency has invaded the kitchens of Germany, and Dr. Max Mengerhausen, styling himself a "household engineer," has eliminated waste motions in pie making. He placed a small lamp on the wrist of a woman while she was preparing the pastry like mother did it. A camera recorded every movement of the woman's wrist in line on a photographic plate. When these were studied they revealed the different motions necessary for the operation, and suggested how more convenient kitchen equipment and better organization of the work might reduce the fatigue involved in kitchen labor.

Deception

Mabel Walker Willebrandt, although doing man's work, often proves that there is very little of the masculine in her life and her logic. She is as thoroughly feminine as her sisters of the kitchen and the sewing circle. At a luncheon not so very long ago she said:

"It's a wise woman who makes her husband feel he is the head of the house when he is only chairman of the entertainment committee."—Exchange.

HEADACHE?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild, purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like NR for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never grips.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable. At drugists—only 25c. Make the test tonight. FEEL LIKE A MILLION. TAKE

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Curry Bldg., Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
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Phone San Jose 2447

BOHNETT, HILL & CAMPBELL
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First National Bank Bldg.
San Jose, California

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F.
& A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on
the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every
Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially
invited to attend the lodge meet-
ings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday
Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **CARL OTTO ANDERSON**, also known as C. O. ANDERSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of Carl Otto Anderson, also known as C. O. Anderson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six (6) months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Executor at the office of Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, Room 807 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Calif., this 15th day of November, A. D. 1929.

CARL ARTHUR ANDERSON

Executor of the last Will and Testament of Carl Otto Anderson, also known as C. O. Anderson, Deceased.
Bohnett, Hill & Campbell
Attorneys for said Executor.

11-12-13-14

Here's Howe

BY E. W. HOWE
The Sage of Potato Hill

Reading — Three Kinds of Men — Surgery

I occasionally read a book or table, although very candidly admitting our faults. One of them gave this description of the men in his community, dividing them into three classes; he was president of a national bank, I learned in course of a conversation in which they did not know I was interested:

1. One-half of them were honest, and entitled to credit; a few were slow, but would finally pay.
2. One-fourth were careless, somewhat shiftless, got into all sorts of difficulties because of these habits, and had to be watched closely.
3. One-fourth were dishonest, lazy, and hopeless from every standpoint.

I have been wondering since if this country banker did not give a fairly accurate estimate of the men of the world.

The Mayo brothers, at Rochester, Minn., are probably our greatest experts in surgery. They say more than half the operations performed in this country are unnecessary. I shall believe that; I depend upon the best experts in considering things I do not know much about. Everyone knows of horrible and unnecessary butchery in surgery.

pay. But he can't."

She hastened from the room, secured her wrap from the maid, and went out into the blazing sunshine, so incredible in February. The doorman beckoned for a chair, and stepping into it, she ordered that she be taken to her bank.

"What's my balance?" she asked the paying teller.

He looked it up and told her that she had something over forty thousand dollars on deposit.

"How much can I borrow?" she asked.

The teller summoned the president; there was a ten-minute conference.

From the vaults Lucy brought securities. The loan she asked was quickly arranged.

"And there'll be no word of this leak out?" she asked.

The bank officials assured her of their silence.

"I'll take it in cash," she said. Well, those who came to Palm Beach did many strange things, and Lucy Harkness was called Devil-May-Care. She had deposited four hundred thousand of the best securities for a loan of two hundred and fifty thousand. If she wanted the cash—perhaps she was buying property from an

owner who demanded money, not a check. Perhaps—a thousand perhaps suggested themselves, including the possibility of black-

mail, but why annoy a good client? She departed with a satchel crammed with money.
(Continued Next Week)

We shall be pleased to furnish free on request analytical reports on any stocks mentioned in our Review

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82 Wall Street, New York

SLEEPY GUESTS

—the cause is poor lighting



Carefully you plan a social evening. You wink at expenses. Guests arrive in a cheerful mood. But poor lighting tires their eyes, makes them sleepy early. And dulls the whole party.

Why let poor lighting spoil any evening when good lighting in the living room costs but 1½¢ an hour!

For this trivial sum you can have the best in lighting. In it lies enchantment—draperies and furniture have added charm, social evenings are more enjoyable, one's complexion seems smoother and more beautiful.

Would you like to know more about proper home lighting? The P G and E's local office has lighting specialists to advise you. Or if you like, we'll send to you without cost or obligation, our 32 page booklet containing 27 full pages, 8 by 11 inches, of handsome pictures portraying the romance of home lighting from early Babylonian times until today.

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"Atten-shun!"

Have you ever seen a battalion of soldiers jump to attention at a word of command? When you lift your telephone receiver, every idle telephone in this city—and millions of other telephones, connected to a network as long and broad as the nation—stands ready to obey.

When you lift your receiver, there moves to

attention for your exclusive use whatever portion you need of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of telephone equipment.

This equipment is in readiness now for conversations that you may wish to hold tomorrow, next month or next year, with persons whom you do not yet know!

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Pinky, Dinky JINGLES

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I THANK YOU

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